## LIFE'S GREAT PLAY

Some Scenes at Charing Cross, the Center of Christendom, and

THE BEART OF THE WORLD'S LIFE.

Picturesque Figures That Rise From the Pages of History.

THE BUSY BUSTLING CROWDS OF TO-DAY

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. "Draw near, draw near!" cried Avesha. with a voice of thrilling exultation. "Behold the very Fountain and Heart of Life ms it beats in the bosom of the Great World." And she showed them where the great pulse beat and the great flame passed by with an awe-inspiring sound. The flame was like a rainbow, many colored, and inspired Ayesha's companions with an intellectual glow, standing there at the center of things, "the very fount and seat of Being." But strange and startling as this imaginary experience undoubtedly is, if you give your fancy the free rein which "She" requires, its stirring suggestiveness is weak when compared with the romance of that true center of the real world's life, which we call Charing Cross. The weird sound of the revolving column of heat and blaze, is a mere wind-box accompaniment to a dance of theatrical sprites in rivalry with the voice of London, as the mighty city laughs and cries, and shouts and storms about the sounding streets-while ghosts more impressive than any the prophetess showed her new Killicrates stalk between the serried hosts that come and go on daily pilgrimages from West to East, from East to West, or pause by Eleanor's monument en route for the uttermost ends of the earth. ndon is the world's half-way housethe island in the sea where travelers of every hue and nation land, outward bound and homeward. It is the center of the world's trade and commerce, the headquarters of money changers, the seat of judgment for arts and craits. Whatever the national mer-its may be, however ill or good the native art and work, London is the supreme judge it has been so decreed by Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Eussia. No art is com-plete without the indorsement of London painter, poet, scientist, inventor, whatever their country, they lay their troubles at the foot of London's judicial majesty. She is the arbiter, sometimes right, sometimes wrong. Full of prejudices, she has none where ger ius is in the question; she has decorated for eigners with lavish honor; she has fostered alien arts with unstinted liberality; she has given strangers in blood and even foes at eart and in action the best of her meal and malt; her gates are ever open to all creation without tax, or bar. And thus it is that as the counting house, the bank, and the club, the drawing room of a great empire, pil grims come and go or remain at will, and they have made London the center of the universe, the pivot upon which the most vital incidents of life's great play turn in the development of its most stirring situations.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD. Taking London as the center of the world, Charing Cross being as near as may be the center of London, we stand here under the Postal Telegraph Clock at the heart of the world's lite. The restored Eleanor Cross in the railway courtyard over the way might fairly be noted as marking mid-Christendom, or let us say, mid-globe. Rome bad once this place; Paris has an ambition in that direction; Berlin dreams dreams; New York looks forward; each and all may have their turn; but to-day the chief scene in the great drama, life's great play, is here at Charing Cross. It is not architecturally worthy of its fame, you say. Once upon a time, however, London was as pictoresque as Bruges and as dirty as Naples; but the gabled houses, the bow windows, the diamond panes, the overhanging balconies, the swinging signs, the quaint costumes, the Sedan chairs, beyond the most distant seas and establishing an empire upon which the sun never sats. Here, where we stand, the recruiting sergeants of Elizabeth collected sailors to go forth against the Armada; at this very Cross of Charing the heralds have for centuries proclaimed the English wars; on this ground has surged the waves of revolution; Queen Mary's troops and Wyatt's rebels had here their brief passage of arms; here has been spilled the blood of Royalist and Cromwellian; once a year, for hundreds of years, the Lord Mayor, in his chariot, has passed the Cross of Charing en route for Westminster to assert the civic rights bend Temple Bar; these stones have ech to the tramp of troops carrying their swords to battle in strange and distant lands; and here have been seen the tattered flags of the thinned but victorious regiments back from red fields of conquest.

Charing Cross has seen pageants of war and processions of peace, which have changed the map of the world and altered the politics of Christendom. Dr. Johnson said, "I think the full tide of existence is at Charing Cross;" and without a doubt the antiquarian, the poet, the philosopher, the traveler, the realist, the lover of fictitious romance, and even the etymologist are each and severally interested in this particular of the mighty stage upon which we all are players, some of us as supers, others with speaking parts, and a few as leading characters. If we could only pick them out as they pass us near the Cross, the men and women who have been cast for great roles in the future! Our predecessors could not in the past predict the men who should rule the future, and some of them have only been

discovered after their deaths. HEROES OF HISTORY. Peter the Great must often have walked hereabouts, for he lived close by in Nortolk street, Strand, with the river flowing behis windows. He hated what is called Society, could not endure to be stared at. On the occasion of a ball, which he was induced to attend at St. James', he insisted upon having a small side room all to himself, where he could see without being seen. He ate enormously and drank brandy spiced with red pepper. The Marquis of Oser-finarthen was his boon companion during his stay in London, and what Peter liked best the shifting scenes we are contemplating are the pioneers of the New World, Sir he worked hard at Deptford, though not as and the rest, trooping by in gay apparel to he did at Zaandam, where he labored like see the Queen about their perilous ventures; an ordinary artisan, received a workman's pay and lived a workman's lise; yet on aving England he gave the King a ruby worth £10,000, taking it out of his pocket, where he carried it wrapped in a piece of brown paper. A wonderful figure among the ghosts of Charing Cross, this strong

Empire, which threaten our supremacy in Think of all the heroes, native and foreign, from his day to this, who have mixed, unheralded by fame, in the busy crowd, and you would have a fine list of the dramatis persons in life's great play. To come down from heroes to the men who amuse and entertain both great and small, whose work cheers the poor man's hearth, and brings intellectual rest and comfort to the home of luxury and wealth, Charles Dickens, when a boy, was a drudge in his relative's blacking manufactory on a salary of six shillings a week, at the back of the Charing Cross railway station. You will find all the grim story in Foster's book set forth, one cannot help feeling, with so much detail that it must seem to some readers as if the biographer gloated over the black misery and degradation of it. After Foster and

David Copperfield, and the cruel relative is gibbeted or all time as Murdstone.

idea was to show the mind of Macbeth.
"Sitting here with you," he said to me and
a triend, "supposing I had committed a
murder and the ghost of my victim appeared to me on the other side of the table, I should see no more of you—all would be darkness except where the light would show me the ghost of him I had killed." It seems to me from an imaginative point of view looking at it as the poet would—and that is the only way to look at such a scene—that Mr. Irving is right; and it you are

THE GHOSTS OF CHABING CROSS, the figures in the previous acts of the great play, you will see them in that same "dim religious light," faintly surrounded with their proper accessories. For instance, turn your mind back some 220 years, and note the scene on your left, where the statue of Charles dominates the head of Parliament street. Upon that spot originally stood the Eleanor Cross, of which the handsomest structure in front of the railway station beore you is a memorial. There is a draped lock, and by it stands the headsman; there are troops and drums and solemn music; the sun shines on the glittering accourrements of King Charles the Second's officers; General Harrison, a brave Englishman, whether he deserved his fate we will not pause to question, is here to die. They call him a regicide; but Englishmen know how to die or principle, for country, and for their flag, upon whatever side they serve, for King or Commonwealth, for Protestant Queen, or Catholic King, for Church or Parliament. Citizen, soldier, statesman, General Harrison is here to die. You hear the warning drum; you see the victim, the headsman, the scoffing crowd. The statue has disappeared, the traffic of 'bus and cab is stilled, the railway station is no longer in vidence; you see in their place the ancient houses, the swinging signs, the overhanging gables; you see the Thames and Whitehall, where Charles was beheaded, and you pause to think how bravely a weak King laid down his life, while you note the shadow of his death, how it falls upon his execution-ers; how one wrong breeds another, how blood will have blood. "With a smiling ountenance" history records that General Harrison said he was going to suffer for "the most glorious cause that ever was in the world." When about to die, having his face toward the Banqueting House at Whitehall, one in derision called to him and said, "Where is your good old cause?" He smiled, and clapping his hand upon his heart, said, "Here it is and I am going to see it with my blood. seal it with my blood.

How many other scenes will you call to nind, standing here in the gaslight or at fancy, wiping out for the time being sur-rounding things and the busy crowd! And what a crowd it is, surging up from the west to the city, making its way along the Strand, into Fleet street, straight for St. Paul's, and spreading out into all the ad-jacent thorough ares! The very sight of it ade Charles Lamb "often shed tears for fulness of joy at such multitude of life," though to Mr. Augustus Hare, who quotes the line in his "London Walks," the Strand is only "a vast thoroughfare crowded with traffic and the place whither we go to find Exeter Hall, or the Adelphi or Galety Theaters, as our tastes may guide us." And yet he tells us that for 300 years the Strand was what the Corso is to Rome and the Via Nuova to Genoa-a street of palaces, occupied by illustrious persons whose names are part of our history. The highway from the Royal Palace in Westminster to the Royal Palace in the Fleet, the Strand "could s tale unfold.

CHARACTERS ON LIFE'S STAGE. Think of the characters who have trod this section of life's great stage in gaiety and sorrow, in splendor and in rags; you will see them marching before you according to your own reading; and you will not see them in any order but such as your memory chooses at the moment. Coming "like shadows to depart," we note Elizabeth and her courtiers; Raleigh, full of the New World; Shakespeare, boy and man; Sir Francis Bacon in his coach, going to York Honse; Shakespeare and Ben Jonson chat-ting over the new prospects of the Globe Theater; Cromwell, with solid tread and slow, marching to his destiny; Evelyn, the diarist, in his chair, en route for his house in Villiers street; Sir Richard Steele busy with his scheme for a nursery of the stage. and hurrying to keep an appointment with Addison, who wrote an epilogue for his first entertainment. You pause as you watch the quaint, picturesque figure, to recall the story imbs relates of his theatrical enterprise. When the house was nearly finished Sir Richard, anxious to test its acoustic properties, placed himself at the back of the gallery, and requested the master carpenter to speak up to him from the stage. The man hesitated. Being pressed, he replied that he did not know what to say. Steele desired him to say whatever was uppermost in his mind, and to make a speech of it.

"Sir Richard Steele," said the earpenter, in a voice that was perfectly audible, "for three months me and my men have been a-working in this theater, and we've never seen the color of your honor's money. We will be very much obliged if you'll pay it directly; and until you do we won't drive another nail.

Sir Richard, in reply, intimated that the arpenter's elecution was perfect-he could ar him distinctly-but he objected to the subject of his discourse. Apropos to this theatrical incident, it is believed that at Charing Cross, "Punch" first made his bow to England. In 1666, an Italian Puffet player pitched his tent in this haunted ound, and for a year or more paid a rent to the overseers of St. Martin's as "Punchi-

The two Napoleons are among the ghosts of Charing Cross—what actors they were in life's great play! The father of Charles Matthews, the comedian, was a bookseller, lived near Richardson's shop in the Strand, and he remembered Napoleon Bonaparte resid-ing in London for five weeks in 1791 or 1792, and saw him occasionally taking his cup of chocolate at the Northumberland coffee house, opposite Northumberland House, where the Grand Hotel now stands. Louis Phillippe lodged in the Adelphi, and was frequently seen at the Lowther Bazaar. Napoleon the Third was a familiar figure in London before and after his fall. After seeing him at the height of his power in France, I found myself one day a competitor for the same cab-we had both hailed it at Piccadilly Circus-and when I turned to waive my claim it was the exiled Emperor who smiled his thanks to me and drove

and the rest, trooping by in gay apparel to before them comes Sebastian Cabott, up from Bristol, dressed in silks and with cap and feathers, to receive money and commissions from the King; and following on in Time's great pageant there shall enter gal-lant crews of sailors fresh from adventures in the Spanish main, soldiers from daring ambitious founder of the present Russian exploits in the Lowlands, bronzed, strong men in every kind of costume under the sun, and with crowds of Londoners following in their train, men and boys offering themselves as recruits for service on sea and land. Contemplating the crowd in a gen-eral way, with the eye of imagination, and yet under the influence of current experi-ence, the people look as if they were going to or coming from some wonderful fancy dress ball; the men in doubtlet and hose, the women in farthingales and diamonddecked stomachers, troopers in fantastic garb, servants in flashing liveries, gas-conading swash-bucklers, belted and spurred and with clanking swords, and oblemen, in purple and fine the professional beauties of the time. As I said before, you will see your own ghosts of Merrie England at Charing Cross; but I

hope these may be among them.

The romance of fiction and of history will roude as biographers of their friends,
Dickens and Carlyle, no wonder men are
tilling their own stories. All the heartache
and bitterness of that blacking factory is in

The foliance of faction and of history will
be sure to conjure up for you Lady Jane
Grey making for Tower Hill; and what a
host of others follow in the royal footstepsi
But here are Defoe, taking "Robinson Crusoe" to the printer; Milton, cogitating his "Anglim Defensio," which he wrote at his lodgings next door to the Bull's Head; But-When Irving's Macbeth in the banquet legible belosso, which as his lodgings next door to the Bull's Head; Butsered came upon the ghost of Banque, the critics took him to task; but Irving's Dickens, the latter on his way to drop the

first contribution into the editor's box; Pepys making a detour to pass Nel Gwinne's house in Drury Lane; Guy Faux with his dark lantern, creeping toward Westminster; Wat Tyler and his friends marching to the Tower, lighted by the flames of the Surrey palaee; and one gets glimpses down the side streets of the silent highway, with its ghosts of gilded barges worthy of the Grand Canal, its gay water parties, and its prisoners for the Tower, with exciting me ries of escapes thence on dark and favoring nights; and a thousand other incidents of truth and table; Dick Whittington, not in one's fancy the least real of them all, though it was the bells of distant Highgate that rang so persuasively in his ear.

JERROLD'S IMPRESSIONS OF LONDON. Do you remember Dore's trontispiece to 'London''? It is Dick himself; the most poetical of all the Frenchman's illustra of metropolitan life and fancy, and I may be permitted to record the fact that I ac-companied Dore and Blanchard Jerrold on one of their London pilgrimages, which ended in a night at Evan's, a stone's throw from Charing Cross. Perhaps the younger Jerrold wrote too much; he was never sufficiently appreciated; his "Christian Vaga-bond" is a favorite book of mine, and his letterpress accompaniments to Dore's pictures were delightful both in style and matter. "We are pilgrims, wanderers, gipsy-loiterers in the great world of London," he wrote of himself and Dore-both, alas, only memories now-"not historians of the anbient port and capital, to which the Dinanters of Dinant, on the Meuse, carried their renowned brass vessels 600 years ago. Upon the bosom of old Thames, now churned with paddle and screw, cargoes were borne to the ancestors of Chaucer. It is, indeed, an ancient tide of business and pleasure; ancient in the fabled days of the boy Whittington, listening to the bells at Highgate. And we approach London by the main artery that eeds its unflinching vigor. We have seen the Titan awake and asleep-at work and at play. We have paid our court to him in his brightest and his happiest guises; when he stands solemn and erect in the dignity of his quaint and ancient state; when his steadfastness to the old is illustrated by the dress of the 'Yeoman of the Guard,' or his passion for the new is shown in the hun-dred changes of every passing hour." Today their desires are complex-they are for the new and the old; the new in science, the old in dress and architecture. Under the clock at the Postal Telegraph office we are within electric touch of the Antipodes. There are public servants at hand through whom we can communicate lightning messages to China and Peru, to Cairo and St. Petersburg, to Paris and New York; and close by we can talk by telephone to Brigh-ton. All that is new in luxury of rapid transit, in sensuous delights of taste and smell, of silks and satins, in music and lery, in railway cars and steam yachts, is in fashion; but in the matter of decorative design and colors we are harking back to the days before iron and steel and modern stucco took the place of brass and copper and oaken beams. The pillar of fiery life and change of revivifying power revolves as botly and with as fierce a life at Charing Cross as at that imaginary scene of the world's heart-beat which Haggard saw in his dream of "She."

PAST AND PRESENT. Fifty years ago the Golden Cross was one of the great coaching houses of the Metropolis. It was here that Mr. Pickwick and his friends met and commenced those travels which have given delight to English-speaking peoples all over the world. It was on his way from Goswell street to the Golden Cross that Mr. Pickwick took a note of those remarkable incidents in natural history, which were made to him by the cabman, leading up to the assault from which Mr. Alfred Jingle rescued Pickwick and his fellow-clubmen. The usual arched entrance and court-yard of the period have long since disappeared, but many a traveler must have stood here and endeavored to realize the situation and Mr. Jingle's warning. rible place-dangerous work-other daychildren-mother-tall lady-cut in sandwiches-forgot the arch-crash," etc. Who does not remember Jingle's opening speech to the members of the club, whose adventures have delighted all manner of people! Dickens was evidently fond of the old tavern, for he brought David Copperfield here by the Canterbury coach. Lord Mohun is a conspicuous character in "Esmond," and the duels of the period are graphically illus-trated in that historic romance. Poor Dickens! he had humbler recollections of Charing Cross and Leicester Fields than

Thackeray, whose muse soured into higher altitudes; but Pickwick and Peggotty, Micawber and Dombey, belong to the creative power of genius while Esmond, Philip, Becky Sharp and Colonel Newcombo are the offspring of an educated observer. Both will live to haunt the regions of Charing Cross with engrossing memories. The links that bind the present with the past are many and varied at this center of romance and utility. Even the modern newsboy has his predecessors in the first hawkers of the daily journals. Disraeli tells us that the Mercuries and Diurnals of the civil wars were hawked in the streets, and to spur curiosity every paper had on the front the leading items of its contents. Observe the hawkers of to-day; they exhibit placards of the attractions the great news sheets offer to the town, and you note with regret how much of tracedy and horror, of war and murder, of harrowing revelations fill the modern bill; but do not make the mistake of thinking London is more wicked, the world more cruel, than it was in the past. There is no scandal so bad, no crime

so awful in these days that has not its fel-low in history; and no deed so noble, no act of heroism so heroic that it has not its match on the modern "roll of honor." And so the great play goes on from day to day, reaching back into the centuries, the shadow of its scenes going forward upon the coming years; the whole one wast rehearsal for that future state, which is the

mystery of mysteries. JOSEPH HATTON. His Fortune.



Mr. Bittso (reading eard which the bird has picked out)—"Walk down two blocks, take first turn to the left, enter alley at the right and await developmenta." Hidden

treasure, I'll bet my suspenders.



Pletro (the bandit)—You grabba se watch, Beppo! I snaka ze pocketto-book!—Judge. -Ernest L. Riggs, of Bridgeport, Conn. has sent a Thanksgiving turkey to each newly elected Democratic Governor. Abbett, Boies and Campbell will dine well on Thanksgiving Day. CHAINED TO THE OAR

PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

Fearful Fate of the Unfortunate Wretches Condemned to the

AWFUL LIFE OF A GALLEY SLAVE,

Shackled to Benches Upon Which They Worked and Slept.

ABUSED UNTIL DEATH WAS A RELIEF

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.1

"Man's inhumanity to man" reached its culmination in the case of those miserable persons who were compelled, during the our centuries preceding our own, to row in the galleys of Christian France or of the piratical Barbary States. The peaceful Huguenots who were comdemned to burn, aye, even those Camisards or Albigeses who were tortured to death experienced a less cruel demise than those condemned to the living death of the galleys, finally to suffer from the enemy's shot, or to succumb to the lash of the mate or to the pangs of starva-

tion. These celebrated vessels, the steamers of the middle ages, were long, low, narrow craft, constructed for speed, carrying a quota of soldiers, and, after the introduction of orduance, having also a limited number of guns. They were generally rigged, having from one to three masts, each carrying a long, low, lateen sail. The deck was but two or three feet above the water, which at times swept its entire length. Sometimes there was another deck, with a second tier of rowers, but never were there more rows of oarsmen, such as propelled the Grecian and Roman galleys. The deck sloped from the middle to the walls, in order that the incoming seas might easily find egress. Small ports were cut in the walls of these vessels, through which protruded the long oars which served to propel these structures with stonishing swittne

In the center of the ship ran an elevated passage, proceeding from stem to stern, and from this, on each side, the benches of the owers extended to the walls of the vessel. These oars were arranged in two ways, by the usual arrangement, but one oar was used to each bench, and this was propelled by from one to six men. Sometimes, however, there were two or three oars to a bench, each man pulling his own oar. In both cares, the benches were piaced obliquely to the keel, the angle being very acute where there were several oars. In front of each bench, and a foot above the deck, was a footrest, under which the water ran when the deck was awash. Under the usual arrangem the single oar was some 50 feet in length so balanced that half its weight was in board. Handles were fastened to the lower, or inner end, so that it might easily be grasped by the rowers. These oars were never taken in at sea, being "cock-billed" when not in use. The poop of the vessel was usually high and castellated, and a sort of breastwork across the lorecastle protected the how guess and correct as a longtected the bow guns, and served as a lodge-ment for the soldiers, who also could be distributed along the walls upon benches

placed there. To these benches were chained the miserable living engines of these huge centipedelike vessels. The crews of these galleys were divided into three classes. Service in the ancient galleys had been honorable, but in the middle ages it became disgraceful. The only volunteers among the rowers were such criminals, vagrants and ne'er-do-weels as chose to sell their bodies for gain, in order to gratify their passions. Captives taken in war formed the next class. Those in the French and Italian galleys, were either Turks, Moors or negroes. The Moors were the best rowers, but were treacherous and vindictive. The Turks were only useful when taken from the crews of Turkish vessels. The negroes were of little value. "The greater part of them," says an old author, "die of meiancholy and obstinacy."

A LIVING DEATH. All these, even the volunteers, were latter were condemned griminals times had expired, but who could only pay the additional fines imposed upon them by longer service at the oar. They were allowed to wear clothing while at work, and were distinguished by their mustaches. The captured slaves were a tult of hair on the crown of the head, otherwise bare; and the forcuts or condemed criminals, were clean shaven, head and face. This latter class, which interests us the most, comprised those sentenced to the oar for the vilest crimes, as well as Protestants, often of rank and education, and political prisoners. Condemned to this death in life, they were chained together upon these bare benches the viles criminals, next to the simple Vandois peasant, or Camisard mountaineer, and these chains were never removed while the galley was at sea. That the punishment of the galleys was estimated as equal to capital punishment, is seen from the fact that Henry II. of France hanged all the slaves when the galleys were tied up, while Richelieu sent those condemned to be hanged to the galleys. Denonville sent captured Indians to France, to be used as galley rowers, but it caused so much trouble that they were

speedily sent back to America. These unfortunate creatures were but half fed. The allowance was three ounces of bread per diem, water to drink, soup made of three ounces of beans and a quarter of an ounce of oil, and a ration of meat and wine four times a year. The ration of soup was given only every other day at sea, because

of the difficulty of cooking. On the poop stood the captain, and near him was the mate, or comite, who was the tyrant set over the crew. He was assisted by two others, stationed on the gallery that ran along the middle of the galley. These three, armed with whips, and provided with silver whistles, incessantly plied the miser-able slaves with blows and abuse, making no distinction between the strong and the

weak. Sometimes a gay striped awning was spread over the deck, but this was the only protection ever given against the weather. The rowers had also the duty of sewing the sails, aiding in their maneuvers, and, when in port, of loading the vessel with supplies. Two tall and vigorous men were selected to pull the stroke oar. At the signal given by the whistles, each man grasped his oar, launched his body forward, and the blades descended into the water at the same in stant. It was a matter of necessity that the stroke should be perfect, for in case anyone lost the time, it would strike those on the

The labor of the galley slave was so severe, that it passed into a proverb. An excellent authority of the time says that no ordinary man could row more than an hour at a time. But it was frequently the case that the oars were kept going without ceas-ing for 10 or 12 hours. The mates, on such occasions, plied their whips upon the naked bodies of the rowers, now and then thrusting into their mouths a morsel of bread soaked in wine. Any flogging at the oar, was followed by increased cries and blows, until the miserable forcut dropped from the bench, when he was immediately unshackled and thrown overboard, without any pains being taken to ascertain whether he was really

THE SONG OF THE GALLEY. A song current in France during the seventeenth century portrays the suffering of the young man who wrote it, he having been condemned to the galleys for life. Without preserving the spirit of the original verse, the sense is conveyed in the

following close translation:

Naked, fainting, in my shirt,
Must I ever row,
Night and day, or well or hurt,
On this stormy sea?
Ceaselessly with rawhide thong,
Beaten well am I,
Ever friendless in this throng,
No one cares for me.
Bread of oats and coarsest rye
Eat I ever must;
Vilest water only they supply
While I labor so.
Vermin foul upon my body cree

nin foul upon my body creep poor flesh devour.

Ahi I loudly groan: I vainly weep!
Comfort have I none.
Bound by iron chains of cruci weight
To this wooden bench.
A thousand pains they bring me straight
Without release, alas!

Hundreds of Huguenots were sent to the galleys during the reigns of Louis XIV.
and Louis XV. The story of one of these
was woven into a celebrated drama, which
the celebrated Talma rendered famous.
His name was Jean Fabre, and he substi-His name was Jean Fabre, and he substi-tuted himself for his aged father, arrested at a conventicle. He was finally pardoned. Our best information concerning life on board the galleys is derived from the "Memoires d'un Protestant Condamne aux Galeres de France," by Jean Marteilhe, translated by Goldsmith into English. Marteilhe suffered from 1700 to 1713, and his memoir gives us a vivid nieture of the his memoir gives us a vivid picture of the his memoir gives us a vivid picture of the life of the galley slave. He was condemned to this terrible life at the age of 18, and seems to have been afforded better treatment than the rest, because of his youth and strength. Policy induced the Captains of these galleys to foster the strength of these human engines, and frequently caused them human engines, and frequently caused them to be better fed and treated. The Captain of one of the galleys in which Marteilhe was chained hated the Huguenots, and bade his "comite" never to spare the whip upon them, and said mate was noted as being the most cruel man afloat.

As human endurance is not capable of all

things, the crew were divided into four parts, each of which rowed in turn, but

rest and sleep were only obtained in chairs and on the bare benches. On one occasion, the galley to which Mar-teilhe was attached, engaged in a running fight with an English frigate, which ran alongside, grappled the galley and peppered her with shot and hand grenades. The un-fortunate slaves, chained to their oars, were mowed down like sheep, and a frightful carnage resulted. To Marteilhe's bench were chained five convicts and a Turkish slave, and one of the guns was just abreast of them. All lay down except the Huguenot, who alone survived the discharge of the piece. He was wounded, and remained unconscious for some hours, and when he came to, upon taking the Turk by the hand to arouse him, the arm came off, and remained in his grasp! He was the only survivor out of 18 who were chained on the three benches nearest him. He fainted again, and was near being thrown overboard for dead, when aroused by the striking off of his irons. He was then, with the other wounded, thrown in upon the coiled cables where they remained three days without treatment, and loaded with vermin Gangrene set in on many, and they "died like ffles." Even when they were transferred to the hospital, upon their arrival at Dunkirk, they were chained to their beds by the neck! No wonder three-fourths of them died. The horrors of a slave ship alone can

equal this scene of cruelty and barbarity.

A VICEROY'S RUSE.

An old seventeenth century author relates a singular expedient employed by a Sicilian viceroy in order to obtain crews for his gal-leys. Seeing that there were many beggars and sham cripples, he instituted public games during the carnival, promising certain rewards to those who should jump to a certain height, and a greater sum to those who should touch a higher mark. Many of those who had had grievous sores and ailments suddenly recovered, and some gained a prize, but in so doing exposed themselves as shame, and were at once sent to the gal-leys for ten years. Louis XIV. of France was guilty of similar outrages. He, through his Minister, Colbert, enjoined the Judges "to condemn to the galleys the greatest number of criminals possible." Many were subservient to him, and those indicted were seldom freed. A public prosecutor, in announcing the condemnation of 44 to the galleys: "We should be ashamed of serving the King so poorly in this quarter, seeing the necessity he expresses for galley-slaves In 1676 there were 4,710 of these miscrable beings in the French galleys. Laws were afterward made, by which beggars and smugglers were condemned to labor at the oar, An oppressive tax caused a revolt in Boulonnais, which was vigorously repressed, and more than 400 unfortunates were sent to the galleys. As rowers were still wanted, the King directed that all those sent to the galleys, if only sentenced to two years, should be retained six years, and this was afterward increased to 15!"

lar Turk beat him with a rope. Few could bear 12 strokes and retain their senses, but they were continued until 30, 40 or even 100 blows had been inflicted upon the senseless ody. Vinegar and salt were then rubbed into the wounds to restore the circulation

and prevent gangrene. Punishment was inflicted upon these up fortunates in no gentle spirit. The venial offense of blasphemy subjected the galley slave, in the fifteenth century, to a whipping, while other sea-faring men only paid a fine. In some places his tongue was cut out for the second offense. Don Juan, of Austria, condemned them to death in the next century, and by the laws framed by Colbert, in France, during the seventeenth century, the tongue of the blasphemer was pierced for a second offense. Decapitation or burning alive awaited the subject of Peter the Great who should blaspheme, profess the black art, or practice idolatry.

The penalty of the bowline, or ducking and

dragging the victim under the keel, was one of those instituted by Richard I., of England, in the twel/th century. It was only requisite, in order to undergo this severe punishment, that one of the crew should strike another. So freely was this terrible nenalty used in the Turkish galleys in the seventeenth century that he who smoked after sunset was three times dragged under the keel! As war vessels, the galleys were very efficient, but were much exposed to damage and slaughter. Being furnished with beaks, or prows, they were formidable as rams dashing into the smaller vessels then used in the fleets of Europe. The galley slaves were not compelled, or ex-pected, to fight, but were, as we have seen, chained during the combat. The volunteers, however, frequently had their chains loosed and arms were given to them. When the onset came the whole crew of naked shaven men, often as many as 300 in number, arose with frightful yells, sufficient of themselves to terrify any but a resolute foe. Charles Kingsley, in "Westward Ho!" gives a stirring picture of a galley engaged in battle. Life on board of the galleys of the Barbary piratical States was worse even than that in the marines of Europe. This was This was especially true when a renegade Christian mate was set over the miserable captive. In a captured Turkish galley the renegade mate was thrown among the chained captives, and passed from bench to bench by the infuriated men until scarcely a semblancs of humanity remained. At the bat-tle of Lepanto 5,000 of these unfortunate Christians were liberated from their horrible situation! It is to the everlasting shame of the nations of Europe that captives were used in the Barbary galleys until the ries of our own gallant fleets rendered it no longer possible. It is not impossible that some Americans may have suffered under the lash of the cruel Tripolitan mate, but such cases have not been numerous, we may be sure.

Public opinion, aroused by the horrible stories told of them, finally caused the abo-lition of service on board the galleys, just as the usefulness of that form of ves gone, but it was half a century before En-gland abolished her odious and oppressive press system. J. S. BASSETT.

A GRATEFUL PUPIL.

He Confounds His Master by Thanking Him for a Thrashing.

rewistown Journal.] It is related of an old-time Bath school boy that after the master had given him a good stiff waling, one day, the youngster said to the teacher in a melancholy and serious tone of voice;
"I thank you sir,"

"Thank mel what are you thanking me for, you young rascal?" replied old Master Whetstone. "I thought you did it for my good, sir," The tone, manner and the words made the school roar; while the stern old pedagogue could take no exceptions to the retort and had to acknowledge its rightcousness as

well as its wit.

A HISTORIC BREWERY

A Former Michigan University Professor Descants on the

MUNICH COURT'S FAMOUS BREW.

General Grant's Admiration for the Beer of Bavaria

SOME FAR-FAMED GERMAN BEVERAGES

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. MUNICH, November 20 .- When General Grant on his famous tour round the world, arrived in Munich the American Consul in obedience to instructions from the Department of State, received him at the station, accompanied him to the hotel, and placed himself at the disposal of the ex-President during his stay in the Bayarian capital. As a conscientious cicerone, the Consul first proposed a visit to the galleries of painting and sculpture and the treasures of the National Museum, but the General declared that he had been already sufficiently bored by the works of the dead and living masters and had, since landing, become tolerably familiar with the contents of old curiosity shops in England and on the Continent, and would much prefer a change of programme. The Consul then suggested that if he wished to confine his observations to things of a distinctively local character, they would do well to begin with the Court Brewery. A two minutes' walk brought them to this Mecca of all thirsty Munichers.

After having selected and rinsed their mugs (the tapster would disdain to fill a smaller-measure) they took their places in a long file of equally ardent devotees of the goddess Cerevisia, and in due time were able to retire with their portion of the brown foaming beverage to such seats as they were fortunate enough to find vacant. The General litted the stone mug to his lips, and having drawn off about half its con tents at a single draught, sat it down sgain with the laconic remark, "That's good."

Tradition is silent as to the number of hours they tarried over their beer, and no injudicious chronicler has kept an exact tale of the mugs they quaffed, but it is on record that when the Consul called at the hotel the next day and inquired what the General wished to do, the latter replied:

Well, suppose we go to that place again."
What is here related of General Grant is the common experience of tourists. Not long since the correspondent of an Australian newspaper visited Munich and devoted sev-eral letters to a description of the city and his impressions of the same. He was evidently in a bad mood and nothing pleased him. The so-called Athens on the Iser seemed to him to have been greatly overrated as an art center and not to be entitled to any consideration whatever as an em-porium of trade. He described the architectural creations of King Ludwig I, as clumsy imitations bordering on caricatures of famous edifices and the public monu-ments as poor efforts to immortalize provincial celebrities, whose names heard of outside of Bavaria.

A CHANGE OF HEART.

By a happy chance our Australian finally drifted into the precincts of the Court Brewery, which struck him at first sight as a very nasty and disgusting place; but no sooner had he taken a good swig of the famous brewage than he turned to his fair spouse and exclaimed with enthusiasm: 'Sally, this stuff is genuine, in fact it is about the only genuine thing that I have as yet found in Munich." From that moment a complete change came over the spirits of the man. Raw winds, rainy weather, rude shopkeepers, sham architecture, weary pilgrimages to worthless works of art, and the ike inamenities of the tourist's life were all forgotten in the intense enjoyment of this most exquisite of conceivable extracts of malt and hops.

Marteille saw the bastinado applied on his first day on board a galley. The victim was held down over a bench while a muscuing from the fatigue of a long railroad journal to the fatigue of a long ra Last summer an American professor visitney, a weeks. and took furnished rooms for As he sat down to the frugal supper which had been prepared in anticipation of his arrival and tasted the delicious beer with the beverage owing to the butting or heady character peculiar to both. This cor-ruption of the term must have taken place which his landlady had placed before him, he turned to her and said: "I'll take the rooms for a month.'

After another and still deeper draught he suggested to his wife that there was really no reason why they should not stay six weeks. As a matter of fact he remained in Munich over two months, and it was not the desire to extend his knowledge of the fine arts by a diligent frequentation of the galleries of painting and sculpture that kept him here.

Beer is the solace of the Bavarian from the cradic to the grave. The Munich infant has the sucking bottle filled with it instead of milk, and the dying octogenarian passes away with its foam on his lips. The late Archbishop of the diocese, Dr. Von Steichel, asked his attendants in his last moments for a glass of beer, and after drinking it and exressing his thanks for it, turned his face to the wall and gave up the ghost. He could not wish for a more refreshing and soul strengthening viaticum.

It is now 300 years since the establishmen of the institution from which all there bless ings flow. Beer has been brewed in Bavaria from time immemorial, and was, at leas as early as the ninth century, an important and quite indispensable article of consump tion. It is recorded that Hitto, Bishop o Freising, received in 815 from Huvezzi, dea con in Oberfoehring, the customary annual tribute of one goat, two hens, one goose, and a cartload of beer. According to all accounts, Munich beer was even as late as the sixteenth century rather poor stuff, and is described as muddy, insipid and sour.

EINBECK'S FAMOUS BREW. Duke Albrecht V., surnamed the Magnan mous, imported his beer fram Einbeck, in Hanover, and his son Wilhelm V., the Pious, followed the paternal example in this respect. In the Royal Archives at Munich there is still preserved an official document issued by the Court Chamberlain of Albrecht V., and dated March 2, 1553, authorizing Cornelius Gotwalt, of Erfurt, to pro cure "two wagon loads of Einbeck beer, such as the Nurembergers were wont to bring to His Grace." Usually it was supplied by Nuremberg merchants, who were the great commission agents of that time, and purveyors to ruling families. Einbeck beer was then famous throughout ail Ger-As Luther was about to enter the hall in

which the Diet of Worms was held on Jan uary 28, 1521, one of the common people who througed the streets, offered him a glass of Einbeck beer, saying: "Drink that, it of Einbeck beer, saying: "Drink that, it will give you courage and strength." The reformer quaffed it and went forward with renewed vigor to meet his assembled adversaries. Perhaps, but for the refreshment of that timely draught, he might have proved faint-hearted and recented, instead of ustering the grand historic words: "Here I stand. I cannot do otherwise. Gold help

The pious Duke Wilhelm V., of Bavaris, was an arch-foe of the Reformation, but an ardent friend of Einbeck beer. The expenses of transportation were, however, very great, and the heavy bills of the Nurem-bergers never failed to cloud the otherwise cheerful countenance of his Dukeship, and to render him for several days exceedingly solemn and morose and incapable of being moved to hilarity even by the most approved jests of his court fool. But the merchants and carriers of the Franconian free city not only had long distances and bad roads to traverse, but also bold robber knights and highwaymen, like Eppelein von Gailingen, to reckou with, and nothing could be fairer than that they should insure themselves against eventual loss by making their natrons pay extra for the risks intheir patrons pay extra for the risks in

Alter groaning and grumbling for ten years over these constantly recurring disputed by the average country editor, charges, the Dukeresolved to relieve his exchanges of the burden once for all by creeks the country pockets are a source of constant annoyance and intense diagnat.

ing a brewery of his own, in which should be fabricated what he called an "ainpockisch pier." This resolution was carried into ef-tect September 27, 1589; it was also prudently ordered that the brewery should be placed near the courts of justice, in order that the brewer might have the lear of the law ever before his eyes, and be speedily brought to punishment in case he should be tempted to adulterate and deteriorate the browage.

A MISTAKEN IDEA.

and foresight, has no foundation in fact. It

was with an eye single to his own stomach that Duke Wilhelm established the brew-

ery, and the beer was at first reserved for the

exclusive use of the court. It never oc-

curred to the dukes and princes of that day

to do anything expressly for the pleasure or welfare of the people. If they laid out parks and gardens, it was for their own per-

sonal gratification, and whatever advantages the public derived from them were wholly

incidental, and amounted in the be-ginning to the enchantment which distance

is said to lend to the view of objects. How firmly rooted this idea is in the minds of rulers

is shown by the fact that when the Library building was creeted in Munich about 50 years ago, King Ludwig I, intended that the magnificent staircase with marble columns

should be used solely by members of the royal family and never descrated by plebe-

ian feet, which were expected, no matter how learned the head they carried, to go roundabout through the court and climb up some other way. Even under the present

Prince Regent an attempt was made to ex-clude the public from the royal park at

Nymphenburg, but was prevented by energetic protests of the people and the press. If

the subjects of European monarchies enjoy these pleasure grounds of princes, the privi-

lege is not due to the kindness and com-

placency of the monarchs themselves, but

It was not until 1610, under Duke Maxi-

milian I., that the Court Brewery was per-

mitted to sell beer "under the hoop," i. e., in

kegs, to innkeepers and private persons, and

this practice was continued not as a favor

to the general public, but because it was a

nowadays to as many millions. It was not

till 1806 that the brewery was provided with

the schenk, or taproom, in which the inhabitants of Munich could get beer on draught

and drink it on the premises. This room was

enlarged in 1814 and again in 1828, and has

in late years been renovated and "beauti-

increase of fresh air would be necessarily

followed by a deterioration in the quality of

the beverage. The work of purification and

beautification was, however, not sufficiently

such a renovation had been effected, unless

the information were imparted to him by his

ORIGIN OF BOCK BEER.

often called to the picture of a he-goat stand-

ing on its hind legs and lapping beer out of

a foaming mug, to which is sometimes added

which even an English author of the seven-

teenth century favors when he speaks in

Latin treatise of cerevisia cui ab ariete aut

and, indeed, has long since ceased to be famous for its beer, the adjective was ab-

breviated and transformed into the sub-

quite early after the introduction of

beer, for in a Munich police regulation of 1616 it is forbidden to "brew Bock-Meet

(buck-mead, the strongest kind of beer) except for the needs of the sick." Curiously

enough, from this corruption of the word

another kind of beer derives its name: in the

Jesuit cloisters a milder beer was brewed

called gaiss (goat in general or she-goat) and recommended as having less strongly butting propensities (weniger stark anstos-

The habitues of the court brewery are

representatives of all classes of society, and

among them are always some queer charac-

ters. Authors, artists, senolars, professors, officers of the army, officials of the civil

service, merchants, mechanics, peasants, day laborers, are found here sitting together re-

gardless of rank or riches. It is perhaps

the most democratic spot on the face of the earth, where the meanest never thinks of

cowing, nor the greatest of condescending to

his associates. Here Prangerl, the court fool of King Maximilian I., used to play his pranks; here Sulzbeck, the court chamber-

nusician, spent all his leisure hours, and is

said to have been able to drink a bucket

favorite waitress, known as "the fair Peppi,

who might have sat as a model for Fritz von

Kaulbach's famous painting of the "Schultz-

enlirl," was wont to serve her guzzling

guests with ever ready smiles and jokes and

24 foaming quart mugs in her hands at once.

Why is it that a beer possessing the same qualities as that of Munich cannot be brewed elsewhere? It is certain that every

attempt of the kind has hitherto failed. The

nearest approach to it in any foreign city is

do the same processes produce precisely the same results. The difference is due in all probability to local atmospheric influences

affecting the vigor and vitality of the barm-

fungus (sacharomyces cerevisiæ) which

causes the fermentation of the wort or sweet infusion of malt, and converts it into beer.

The Munich climate seems to be peculiarly

favorable to the development of this fungus,

so that the fermentation of the wort is more complete and the beer more palatable and

digestible there than it would be under

LEGENDS ABOUT THE ROBIN.

The Little Bird as a Prophet-How He Got

His Red Breast.

A good many superstitious ideas are pre

valent in different localities with reference

to the robin. In some parts of Scotland

the song of this interesting little bird is held to augur no good for the sick person who hears it, and to those supersti-tiously inclined much anxiety is sometimes

caused when its notes are heard near a house where anyone happens to be ill. There is a legend connected with the robin which I have somewhere seen. It is said

that far, far away there is a land of woe,

Day by day does this little bird bear in his bill a drop of water to quench the flame

So near the burning stream does he fly that his feathers are scorched, and hence he is

named bronphuddu (burnt breast). There is also a legend which attributes his red breast to his having tried to pluck a spike from the crown of thorns with which our

He Carries One With Him

Punxsutawney Spirit. I
The truth of Lord Bacon's declaration

that "Nature abhors a vacuum" will not be

darkness, spirits of evil and fire.

Lord's head was encircled.

EDWARD PAYSON EVANS.

other climatic conditi

Scottish American.!

found perhaps in Milwaukee; but nowhe

full of beer at a single sitting;

sende Eigenschatten) than book.

tantive bock and the animal associated

In Munich the attention of the tourist is

to the irresistible progress of demogratic

The popular notion, still prevailing in Munich, that the Bayarian sovereigns began the fabrication of beer for the purpose of providing their dear subjects with a cheap, palatable and wholesome beverage, and that the same subjects should be eternally grateful for their paternal kindness and foresight has no foundation in fact. It

Subtle Differences Which Shade the Human Character.

WE'RE WHAT WE ARE

The Willingness of the Spirit and the

Weakness of the Flesh.

NEED OF PERFECT SELF-MASTERY.

PEOPLE WHOM WE HEET EVERY DAY

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Among the subtle differences which shade off human qualities is that which divides intellect from character, and divorces thought from action. Superficial reasoners wonder-and blame-when the two do not harmonize together-when the character belies the intellect, and intellectual conceptions have no force over the actions springing from temperament and character. They say that one who sees such and such a course to be the wisest ought to follow it; as if theory and practice, intellect and temperament were identical. They forget that pathetic cry, "The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak." They forget that other mournful, but so intensely human admission, "For that which I do, I allow not; for that I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that I do." They hold that knowing should be the same as doing, and that spiritual insight should ever control temperamental action. So it would if we were all under the sway of reason, and had attained perfect self-mastery; but however clearly we may see the better thing to do-the wiser way of restraintwith most of us the temperament conquers the intellect, and character is more potent than theory, as the shaper of our lives and the director of our actions.

We often say we wish we could return to life with our present experiences—what a much better thing we should make of it Yes, in certain specific actions of which we now know the practical ultimate. But just source of revenue and put money into the coffers of the Duke. The net sum received from this source in 1680 amounted to 210,000 florins, which would correspond in value as we repeat the same class of action with different protagonists, so long as the impelling temperament remains unchanged, so, in spite of experience, should we repeat our lives in their main directions, if we had the same character as now. THE SANGUINE MAN.

Take, as an example, the eyil of that uneasy trust which belongs to a sanguine temperament and a character made up of affecfied," to the great disgust and intense anxiety of the old stammgaeste or habitual fretion, unselfishness, sincerity and imagina-tion. Such a character is foredoomed to quenters of the place, who were firmly con-vinced that any diminution of nastiness and such and such a course of action, as a hird is made for flying in the air, or a crab for walking sideways. The burnt child may dread the fire, but the person with whom affectionateness and imagination, impulse and sincerity act and react on each other, never radical to produce this much-feared result, and the stranger would never suspect that learns caution—is never taught distrust or the wisdom of waiting and proving before giving, and never will be while the exciting causes remain. Past experience is like guide, and naturally wonder what must have been its primitive condition.

Ever mark, though they never impress The light sand which paves them, consciou

One idel after another is shattered; but there is always that other standing in the place of the one which has fallen. Conversely the suspicious temperament is never taught trust. All past experience in the truth and fidelity of one has no influence

the statement that "fresh book is to be had here." Book, which means he-goat, is the name of a strong beer, drunk especially in the spring of the year, and generally sup-posed to be so called on account of its but-ting qualities, two stiff horns being sufficient n teaching belief in another. That crooked line can never be ruled straight in the mind which is always looking round corners-the suspicious by temperament can never act like the trustful and affectionate. The higher law of nobleness and love whispers to the knock a man over. This use of the word, suspicious sweet words of human trust, far more sublime than its rasping, narrow-eyed doubt; but it is in vain.

Latin treatise of cerevisia cui ab ariste aut Capricornio nomen, affords a fine example of popular etymology, and illustrates, on a small scale, the origin and growth of mythology. The he-goat is a fiction, and book is only a corruption of Einbeck or Ainbeck and Ainpeck, as the name of the Hanoverian town was also spelled. The Munichers, as we have already seen, called this beer "einpeckisch" and "ainpockisch," and as Einbeck was gradually forgotten. Take, too, a person temperamentally timid and given up to superstitious lancies. How much does reason help here in the victory of mind over character, intellect over phantasy? The wind which howls through the trees at night appals the listener with its terrifying sounds something as ghostly, weird and foretelling coming disaster. The hooting of the death. The scampering of the mice behind the wainscot shake those quivering nerves more than the roar of a lion shakes the nerves of an ordinarily brave man, watching over his sleeping companions by the camp fire in an African forest. The burglar is always under the bed; the Unknown

Terror is always in the cupboard.

JEALOUSY AND ANGER. What amount of intellectual reasoning touches our self-made tortures of jealousy The passion is temperamental, and the evidences are as thick as motes in the sunbeam. All temperamental evidences are whatever names we give them. The mind is influ enced and happiness is destroyed by this passion, over which reason and common sense have no more control than a couple of children over a runaway horse.

So of that easily excited anger of a passionate temperament. In cool moments the wrong and the folly of these outbursts are as patent as the whirling of the dead leaves caught by the autumn gale. But when the conflict comes—the hot blood mounts in boiling floods, the eyes are darkened, the fire is kindled and the furious flames burst forth. Those big words are flung abroad like the stones which an avalanche brings down. The rebukes which the reason utters are no more heard than would be the voice

of a preacher in the roar and din of a battle.

One of the most potent hindrances to our spiritual advancement is this overwhelming mastery of the temperament over the intellect. It is a thing with which we have to deal rigidly in ourselves, but gently and tenderly in our judgment of others. "What's done, we partly may compute, but not what is resisted." How true that is with all of us! We are conscious of it in ourselves, but we do not give it sufficient weight when dealing with others. We all know what we resist and how much we conquer, and when we basely give way without resistance at all. But we can never measure this last with others; and it is safer ground to suppose that they have fought to the last inch before letting themselves go, than that they have struck the flag of their self-control be-fore the first rush of passion. Justice and judgment demand this wide consideration for others—this large allowance for temperament. Spiritual self-culture, on the other hand, demands the restriction of this consideration for ourselves to the narrowest pos-sible limits. Where we failed to-day, we must do our "level best" to succeed to-mor-row; and as weak muscles can be strengthened by judicious exercise, so can tempera-ment be restrained by endeavor, and intellectual self-mastery increased by the effort. No battle is lost till it is won; and self-control—the victory of reason over im-pulse—is a battle that is never lost, but is always being won by those who wish to try.

In Central Park

MRS. LYNN LINTON.



Snap-Say, Bruno, are you game for a run over to the Mall with me? Bruno-Certainly! Just wait a minute until I take this thing over to the menagerie